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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY

THE ROUND OF LIFE.

Two children down by the shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery;
Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
Is borne again on the listening air;
For love is young, though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale that has oft been told
In the days gone by, is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a sheltered bay;
A wife looking out on a glistening sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
And prattling lips 'neath the old root-tree:
A lifted latch and a radiant face
By the open door in the falling night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm-chair;
A golden light from the western sky;
His wife by his side with her silver hair,
And the open Book of God close by.
Sweet on the bay the gleaming falls;
And bright is the glow of the evening star;
But dearer to them are the jasper walls,
And the golden streets of the land afar.

An old churchyard on a green hillside;
Two lying ston on the listening rest;
The fishermen's boat going out with the tide
In the fiery glow of the amber west.
Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to year!

STORY TELLER.

FAME VERSUS LOVE.

"It cannot be!"

As the words fell from Helen Armstrong's lips she arose from her seat, an old overturned boat, and moved slowly toward the water's edge.

For a moment, her companion, a man, of perhaps twenty-five, hesitated; then he joined her, repeating:

"It cannot be, Helen? Surely you are not in earnest. You love me, have you not said it? and yet you refuse to become my wife?"

"Edwin, I—"

"You did not mean it," quickly interrupted Edwin Bennett, adding: "Come, darling, why should not we be happy?" and he drew her hand within his arm.

For an instant she let it remain there, then slowly but firmly she loosened his clasp, as she said:

"For two years you and I have been friends. In that time did you ever know me to change after I had once decided upon anything?"

"No, but"—answered her companion, quickly, while she, unheeding, goes on with:

"You know the one great desire of my life is to win fame as an artist. Could I do this as your wife?"

"Why not, Helen? Would I not do anything in the world to help you?" came the proud answer, as Edwin Bennett bent his eyes fondly upon the fair face beside him.

"No, Edwin; as a wife, I could never hope to obtain fame. Marriage brings to a woman so many cares that there is very little time left over for other work. I should not make you happy. I should be constantly longing for my old, free life."

"If that is all, I am not afraid to risk my happiness, Helen," answered her lover, a more hopeful look lighting up his handsome face.

"Think how for five years," continued Helen, "I have worked with the one end in view. My home, you are aware, has not been particularly agreeable. Uncle and aunt are kind in their way, and have always let me have my own will about painting, providing it did not cost them anything. As for love or sympathy, you have seen. How love they have yielded to me."

"Seen and felt for you, Helen, God knows. And now that I will make your life, if love can do it, one happy dream, you will not; and yet you do not deny your love for me."

For a moment Helen's eyes rested longingly upon the face of the man who loved her so dearly; then into their dusky depths crept an intense, passionate longing, as they swept the horizon and noted the glorious splendor of the setting sun, while she exclaimed:

"Oh, Edwin! if I could only reproduce that sunset just as it is! if I only could!"

With an impatient sigh he turned away.

"Always her art, never me; perhaps she is right, after all. It would always stand between us."

She, not noticing, went on with—

"If it only would stay long enough for me to catch those colors, but no, it is fading now."

Turning, Helen found that her companion had left her side, and stood a few yards away.

"Edwin," she called.

In an instant he was beside her, everything forgotten except that she was the woman he loved.

"I want to tell you how good Mr. Hovey is. It seems he was acquainted with poor papa years ago, when I was a baby, and therefore feels quite interested in me. You have heard how he praises my work, and last night he proposed."

"Proposed!" exclaimed Edwin Bennett, hotly. "Why, you don't mean to say that old man actually had the audacity to ask you to marry him?"

"How ridiculous! How could you think of such a thing?" answered Helen, a ripple of laughter escaping from between her pretty teeth, as she continued:

"No; he proposed, if I were willing, to send me to Italy for two years, he, of course, defraying the greater part of the expenses. He said when I became famous I could refund him the little amount if I wished. Was it not generous of him?—just think, two years at work among the old masters. What could I not do then? It would be such a help to me. My little income would do, with care, I think."

"And you would go?" As Edwin Bennett asked this question a look of pain crossed his face.

"Why not?" came the reply, as Helen raised her eyes questioningly to her companion.

"You say you love me, and yet you would put the sea between us. Helen, wait; I will work hard and earn money enough to take us both abroad. Do you think I could deny you anything? You should paint to your heart's content, from the old masters, or anything else you please. So long as you were happy, I should be. Perhaps I might turn painter, too, some day, with you to inspire me," he added, smiling slightly.

"I do not doubt your love for me, Edwin; but I shall never marry. I intend to devote my life to my art. As a wife, it would be impossible for me to do so. I should be hindered and trammelled in a thousand ways. Believe me, I have thought very earnestly of all this, and I—"

"When I came to spend my vacation at Little Rock, so as to be near you, I said to myself, 'Now you can ask the woman you love to be your wife, now that you have a home to offer her. For her sake I wish I was rich; but I am still young, and with the good prospects I have, I do not see why I shall not be able before many years to give my wife all she can wish.'"

"It is not that, Edwin. I should not love you one bit more if you were a millionaire," interrupted Helen, glancing reproachfully at him.

"Helen, my holiday is over to-morrow. I must have my answer to-night." The words came somewhat sternly from between Edwin Bennett's lips.

Mechanically, with the end of her parasol, Helen Armstrong traced on the glittering yellow sands. "Fame versus Love."—Then as she became aware of what she had done, she sought to efface them. Too late. Edwin Bennett's hand stayed hers, as pointing to the letters, he said, hoarsely:

"Choose!"

For a second she hesitated, then slowly came the answer:

"I accepted Mr. Hovey's offer this morning. I am to sail in a week."

Spurning her hand from him, Edwin Bennett cried out passionately: "God forgive you! I cannot!" Then, without another word, he turned and left her.

A faint cry of "Edwin" escaped her lips, as her arms were held out imploringly toward him. Then they fell to her side, and she, too, turned and went slowly across the sands in the opposite direction. If he had only looked back and seen those outstretched arms, how different their lives might have been; but no, he plodded angrily along the shore, glancing neither to the right nor the left. Little by little the waves crept up and Love was drowned, while Fame stood out bold and clear on the yellow sands.

Ten years have come and gone since Helen Armstrong and Edwin Bennett parted on the shore, and during that time they have never met. Helen had won that which she had striven for. She had become an artist of renown. Even royalty had been pleased to compliment her upon her art.

For the last month one of Helen Armstrong's paintings had been on

exhibition at the academy of design, and crowds had been drawn thither to see this last work of the celebrated artist. The subject was simple, nothing new, yet visitors returned again and again to gaze at it.

It was the last day of the exhibition, when a lady and gentleman, the gentleman leading a little girl of perhaps three years by the hand, passed into the room where the painting hung.

"Oh! isn't it too bad there is such a crowd? I want to see it!" exclaimed the lady, to which the gentleman replied:

"We will look at the other pictures first and then come back again; perhaps there will not be such a crowd then."

An hour or so later the gentleman and lady returned; then the room was almost deserted, except for a few stragglers here and there. It was just about time to close the gallery.

For a few moments they stood in silence before the painting; then a little voice said:

"Baby wants to see, too, papa."

Stooping down the gentleman raised the pretty, daintily dressed child in his arms. After gravely regarding the picture for a few moments, the little one asked:

"Is say mad, papa?"

"I am afraid one was, pet," came the low answer, as Edwin Bennett softly kissed the fair cheek of his little girl. Then his gaze returned to the painting.

A stretch of yellow sands, dotted here and there by huge boulders and piles of snowy pebbles, against which the overhanging cliffs looked almost bleak. Gentle little baby waves rippling in toward the shore, while majestic purple-hued, silver-edged clouds seemed floating en masse toward the golden crimson-barred sun that flooded the sky and water with its warm light.

In the center of the picture, where the beach formed the curve resembling a horse-shoe, was an old boat, turned bottom upward; some few feet off was the figure of a man, apparently walking hurriedly away. Although the face was not visible, the gazer felt that the man suffered; that the glorious sunset was this day as naught to him. Perhaps it was in the tight clasped hand, the veins on which stood out like great cords; or maybe the man's total disregard of his surroundings.

To the right of the picture the figure of a young girl, trailing a parasol in the sand, as she appeared to move slowly in the opposite direction from her companion. Only a little bit of delicately shaped ear and a mass of glossy braids showed from beneath the shade hat, but one could readily believe that the pretty girlish figure belonged to an equally attractive face.

About half way between them, traced on the sands, were the words, "Fame versus Love."

"Is it not lovely, Edwin?" and Mrs. Bennett laid her hand upon her husband's arm as she added:

"Yet, how sad it seems. I can't help feeling sorry for them. I wish I could see their faces. I feel as if I wanted to turn them round."

Clasping the little hand that rested so confidently upon his arm, Edwin Bennett inwardly thanked God for the gift of his fair young wife, as he said:

"Come, dear, they are commencing to close up. Baby's tired, too."

"Ess, mes's tired. Baby want to kiss mamma," lisped the child, holding out her tiny arms.

Husband and wife failed to notice a lady who stood near, gazing at a painting. As the pretty young mother stooped down to receive her baby's kisses, which the little one lavished on her cheeks, lips and brow, a deep yearning look gathered in the lady's eyes and she turned hastily away.

"Oh, Edwin!" exclaimed his wife as they passed the silent figure in black—"Wouldn't it be nice if baby should grow up to be a great artist like this Miss Armstrong?"

"God forbid, Annie," came the earnest reply, followed by, "let her grow up to be a true loving woman, that is all I ask." The lady's hand tightened its hold upon the back of lavished on her cheeks, lips and brow, a deep, yearning look gathered in the strange lady's eyes and she turned hastily away.

"Oh, Edwin!" exclaimed his wife as they passed the silent figure in black—"Wouldn't it be nice if baby should grow up to be a great artist like this Miss Armstrong?"

"God forbid, Annie," came the earnest reply, followed by, "let her

grow up to be a true loving woman, that is all I ask." The lady's hand tightened its hold upon the back of the settee as the words reached her ear, but she did not move until they were out of sight. Then lifting her veil, she went and stood before the painting that had won such fame. Tears gathered in her eyes as she gazed, and with the words, "I will never look at it again," she too, passed out of the building, and in her handsome carriage was driven home.

Scorn shone in her dark eyes as they fell upon the costly works of art scattered in lavish profusion about her luxuriously furnished apartments. Hastily throwing aside her wraps, she crossed over to a mirror. A ver handsome face is reflected, not looking the thirty years it had known.

Helen Armstrong—for it was she—had heard of Edwin Bennett's marriage; heard that he had succeeded in business beyond his most sanguine expectations; heard that his wife was one of the loveliest and gentlest women, and that Edwin Bennett idolized both wife and child. This day she had seen them.

Then came the thought that she might have stood in that wife's place; she, too, might have had those baby lips pressed as lovingly to hers; but she had put it from her. She had chosen Fame versus Love. If she could only go back to that day on the sands, how differently she would now act.

Turning away from the mirror, she exclaimed bitterly:

"Too late for Helen Armstrong. As you have sown, so you must reap."

Attorney-General Brewster.

When Benjamin Harris Brewster was called to preside over the Department of Justice, a considerable part of Washington thought it the correct thing to stare at the new-comer. The gossips began to gossip, and the correspondents to write about his peculiarities. Our exchanges are well supplied with this kind of driftwood, which goes on drifting and turning up in new forms.

The critics admit that the Attorney-General is an able man and a great lawyer, but they find him not quite to their very critical taste. They find that his manner is peculiar and rather "old school"; that his face is not handsome; that he wears ruffles at the wrists; is sometimes seen in a velvet coat; and, to make it as bad as can be, tops it all off with a white fur hat. In short, the Attorney-General is regarded by some people as a very eccentric personage. No-body can be so conscious of Mr. Brewster's scarred face as Mr. Brewster himself. In his early days it was a source of great pain to him. He felt that it would handicap him in the great race in which he hoped to gain distinction. But he resolved to be known for something more than the affliction which had cast a shadow over his young life. His natural gifts, his learning, and his high sense of honor, have placed him in the front rank of his profession, and made him the pride of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania.

During the trial of a case, a rash, brutal lawyer on the other side referred to Mr. Brewster's disfigurement. After he had taken his seat, Mr. Brewster arose, and in his most deferential and courtly manner, said:

"May it please the court, it is true that my face is scarred. When I was a bright-eyed, beautiful boy—I know I was a beautiful boy, for my mother has told me so—a negligent nurse let me fall into the fire; and when I was taken out, my face was as black as the heart of the man who has just referred to it." The rebuke is described by those who heard it as melting in its pathos and majestic in its dignity.

There is a little pathos about the ruffles, too. His mother asked him to wear them, to please her; and he probably would have worn handkerchiefs all his life, if his mother had made the request. Whoever has seen the small, shapely hand, set off with its ruffle, would not wish to see him abandon so becoming an ornament. Mr. Brewster has never played the fop, as Beaconsfield did. He has always dressed with elegance, and as a man with a taste of his own and the courage to follow it. He carries the same idea in his home, where comfort, elegance and oddity show the good taste and the peculiar bent of the master of the house. Never ostentatious, his establishment is generously maintained in a style in keeping with his high profession and social standing and the income of a lucrative practice. A man of the

most sensitive nature, high-strung, and proud of his achievements; more generous to the needy than just to himself; often imposed upon and often misjudged, Benjamin Harris Brewster is honored by the rich and respected by the poor. For him no hand is too hard or too black with toil; no rich rogue can commend himself to his favor. He is not exactly as God made him; but he is a full-blooded American, and his country has reason to be proud of her Attorney-General.—Philadelphia Press.

Martin Van Buren.

Judge Tourgee, in his paper, the *Continental*, thus describes ex-President Martin Van Buren:

Probably no character in our history is so hard to analyze as that of Martin Van Buren. The secret of his power seems to have died with him. He was not renowned as an orator, and yet must have possessed great powers as an advocate. He is not usually credited with having devised any great public measures, yet, during the most important epoch of his party's history, every measure to which it owed success not only required his approval, but showed his shaping or modifying touch. He was not eminent in debate, but was always a leader of his party in legislation. He is said to have been personally calm, self-poised and unconfiding. He heard every one's opinion, but took no one's advice. He was accounted shrewd and cunning, but never was accused of personal treachery. He was cautious to the verge of timidity, and, at the same time, confident to the verge of rashness. He never exulted over victory nor whimpered at defeat. He had few personal friends, but an amazing popular following. In theory he was the broadest of democrats; in practice the most exclusive of aristocrats. None of his associates seem to have regarded him with affection, and few of his opponents looked upon him with animosity. Perhaps no political life in our history shows so few mistakes. In no single instance did he fail to make the best of the occasion, viewing it from his own standpoint; unless it were the last and greatest of his life—the opportunity to lead the movement that eventually transformed the nation. He seems to have had all men's regard, but to have given none his trust. By his opponents he was called cunning; by his followers sagacious. More justly than almost any other politician, he may be said to have achieved his own success. Living, he was the envy of all who would succeed; dead, he has been the model of unnumbered failures. Few statesmen would covet his fame; fewer still do not envy his success. He is the Sphinx of our history—the hidden hand in great many events—a man in whom the elements were so deftly mixed that no friend knew his heart and no enemy ever came within his guard.

ENGLAND.

[Mr. Alexander Ferguson, of Derby, England, a deaf-mute swimmer of established reputation, sends us clippings from various European newspapers concerning his remarkable swimming feats. Mr. Ferguson thinks of coming to America ere long, and says he will be glad to meet his American cousins.]

PRESENTATION

ALEX. FERGUSON,
THE HERO OF TAY,
IN THE TOWN HALL OF DUNDEE.
The Earl of Dalhousie, in the Chair.

Ladies and Gentlemen Assembled in the Hall.

"13 UNION PLACE,
EDINBURGH, 12 Dec., 1884.
MR. ALEXANDER FERGUSON:

DEAR SIR:—I have much pleasure in informing you that the Committee of the Forth Swimming Club and Humane Society, having had their attention called to your humane conduct in rescuing the boy from death in the Tay at Dundee on the 19th November, have unanimously awarded you the Rescue Medal of the Society, in token of their appreciation of the act.

In awarding the medal, I am desirous to express the admiration which they feel for the humanity, courage, and resolution you displayed on the occasion referred to. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

ARCHIBALD KERR,
Treasurer, Forth Swimming Club.

CAPTAIN JACK, HARBOUR MASTER, said, Ladies and Gentlemen: It

gives me much pleasure to be here to-night, and to have the privilege of presenting to Alexander Ferguson a testimonial for his gallant conduct in rescuing several lives from drowning. I may mention that I have much pleasure in announcing the names of the gentlemen who have been the means of collecting and getting up the subscriptions—viz., Messrs. Leng, Cochran, and Scrymgeour. We are much indebted to them for their aid, and we can only return those gentlemen our best thanks. We all hope that Ferguson may be long spared to keep that badge of honour just placed round his neck, for money cannot purchase such a medal. It is only by such deeds as Ferguson has performed, that any one can obtain such a prize. I have also a watch to present him with, bearing a suitable inscription engraved thereon, as a local testimonial of the gallant deed performed, which we hope he will take care of, and appreciate the gift. Mr. Jack then handed to Ferguson an excellent silver watch and chain, procured from Mr. Farquharson, who had liberally contributed to the cost.

MR. P. M. COCHRANE said, It affords me very great pleasure (in the name of the subscribers) to hand you this purse, containing twelve sovereigns, in token of the admiration of your heroic conduct in rescuing from drowning the lives of so many of your fellow creatures.

MR. ALEXANDER FERGUSON, whose remarkable swimming feats have been attracting attention throughout Galloway for some time, has been giving exhibitions of his skill in Stranraer Harbour during the past week. He displayed remarkable skill in the water. He swam one evening right round the Harbour, and on Tuesday night he swam from the East Pier right out to one of the yachts lying in the roadsteads, a distance of about a mile. He has at different times performed remarkable feats in the way of saving life. All these things are the more to his credit as he has the misfortune to be deaf and dumb.

DEAR SIR:—Please publish this paragraph in next month's *Deaf and Dumb Magazine*.

Yours truly,
PROF. A. FERGUSON.

"Professor Alexander Ferguson, a distinguished swimmer, whose feats set the 'heather on fire' around the circles of aquatic devotees in Scotland last year, has been 'doing it' to some purpose down south. Last year, this aquatic Professor swam six miles in the Dee at Kirkcubright, also across the Wigtown Bay and Luce Bay from Port William, and down the Nith to Solway Firth from Dumfries. Mr. F. can walk, smoke and read in the water for half-an-hour. On Wednesday, about 10,000 spectators assembled at Brighton, to witness his scientific and ornamental swimming and diving, which came off in highest credit, and was loudly cheered by them. His remarkable swimming feats have been attracting great attention throughout England, where he has lately been giving exhibitions of his skill. He swam powerfully with the greatest ease, one day, a distance of fifteen miles, in six hours. He has at different times performed remarkable feats, in the way of saving sixty-five persons from drowning. He received £45 from spectators in Falmouth lately, and altogether during this season he has been presented with nearly £700.

"Brighton," the professor, (who is deaf and dumb), informs us, "is a very magnificent watering-town in England, none in Scotland."

The Teeth of the Yakuts.

One of the party in search of the lost crew of the Jeannette, finds among the natives of Northern Siberia the "most beautiful teeth in all the world." He says: "Three hundred vests from Yakutsk, I have seen old men of sixty or seventy with sets of teeth, small and pearly, white and polished and healthy as those of the handsomest American girl of sixteen. Decay and suffering and unsightliness and loss are actually unknown. A physician of Yakutsk tells me that he believes the reason of this phenomenon is to be found in the habits and the kind of food eaten by the natives, as well as to a certain care taken by them from childhood up. In the first place, the Yakuts do not touch sugar in any form, for the sim-

ple reason that they cannot afford to purchase it. Secondly, they are in the habit of drinking, daily, large quantities of fermented sour milk, summer and winter, which is antiscorbutic, and is very beneficial in preserving the teeth. And lastly, they have the habit of chewing a preparation of the resin of a fir tree, a piece of which, tasting like tar, they masticate after every meal, in order specially to clean the teeth and gums of particles of food that may remain after meals. The gum or resin is prepared and sold by all apothecaries in Siberia, and is much used by Russian ladies. The fermented milk is said to be a not very savory drink. First, the milk is cooked and then put into large vase-shaped utensils made of cows' frozen dung, in which it is allowed to ferment until the winter, when it is broken up into blocks and preserved for use in the cellars all the year round.

A Horse in Search of Justice.

In ancient Greece, the crime of ingratitude was looked upon as one of the most infamous of which a person could be guilty. A special tribunal, consisting of three judges named Eucharistos, Mnemon and Antidoros, was formed for the special purpose of receiving accusations of ingratitude and of condemning the accused, should they be proved guilty; but so rare were such charges that the judges found it useless to sit in their court. As all three lived in adjoining houses in one of the streets of Athens they decided that they would remain at home, and if their judicial services should be needed they could hear the complaint in the spacious garden of Eucharistos.

A bell was hung without the gate, and hanging from it was a cord for the accommodation of any possible complainant. For a long time the cord remained untouched, and the vines which overhung the wall wreathed themselves about it. One day while the three judges were seated within the garden, thanking the gods for granting to the people of Athens hearts in which no room could be found for the foulness of gratitude, they were suddenly startled by hearing the bell ring. Before they had recovered from their astonishment it rang again. Starting up from their seats they hurried toward the gate and found there—a horse eating the vine leaves. In his gratitude at finding that the fair fame of Athens was not to be sullied by the discovery by a crime of ingratitude, Eucharistos gave orders to his servants that the horse, which seemed indeed to have reached the last stages of starvation, should be amply fed.

Antidoros, his colleague, remarked that the horse had been formerly a noble animal, of good race and blood, and that it was very singular that he should be thus abandoned and permitted to sink to such a state of neglect and starvation. The other judges agreed with him, and it was determined that they would inquire into the case.

By dint of diligent inquiry they learned at last that the poor horse belonged to a man named Micrologos, the wealthy proprietor of extensive olive plantations. They also learned in the course of their inquiries that this Micrologos was as inhuman as he was rich, and that he possessed pity for neither man nor beast. His slaves were most cruelly treated, and this without any reason for such harshness. As for the poor horse, he had at first served his master as a saddle horse for several years, but losing somewhat of his former showy qualities he had been replaced by a younger horse, and then condemned to turn one of the mills in which the olives were crushed for their oil. Finally the day came when the unfortunate animal no longer possessed the strength necessary for this rude task, and then his cruel master drove him out to starve and die where he would.

Guided by instinct, or, as the Athenians thought, by the gods, the poor horse had wandered into Athens, and had finally sought to appease his hunger by eating the vine leaves surrounding the bell-cord at the gate of the judge's house. To the great delight of the people of Athens, Micrologos was severely punished by his cruelty, and there was imposed on him, in addition, a fine more than sufficient to support the horse in comfort for the rest of his days.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL. Only \$1.50 a year.

COLUMBUS.

The Ohio School Under Way.

A NUMBER OF INTERESTING PERSONALS.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

With slight alterations to suit the date of present writing, the following is the official information furnished last week, to a morning paper of this city:

The Deaf and Dumb Institution was opened for the coming school year on Thursday morning. Two hundred and sixty pupils arrived the night before, and others came the next morning, so that the term begins with about 800 in attendance. The number of pupils the coming year will be about the same as last—430. Fifty left last June not to return, and just fifty new applications have been received. Of these, thirty have put in appearance. All the children look bright and happy, and express no less plainly by their faces than upon their fingers that they are glad to get back again.

"The old teachers are all ready, except one—Miss Wooster—who died in July, at Chicago. Her place has not been filled, and cannot be until the Board meets in about three weeks. The full corps of instructors numbers twenty-five, and with the exception noted, all have had long experience in the Institution. The officers also remain the same as last year.

"Thursday morning, there was a teachers' meeting for consultation, and at ten, the pupils congregated in the chapel for religious exercises. There they were also numbered, and assigned to their various classes and teachers. The course of study coincides as nearly as practicable with that in the public schools, from the primary through the grammar and lower high school classes. The term opens auspiciously, and the entire year will doubtless be successful."

The morning *State Journal* gives its impressions of our *Vis-a-Vis* in the following manner:

"*Vis-a-Vis*, the paper published at the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, has been furnished with a becoming head, and has also been enlarged and improved. The issue of this week is full of news interesting to mutes, and, among other things, contains a well prepared account of the late Reunion of the *Alumni* of the Institution."

Miss Mary Bierce led the van of the lady teacher arrivals of last week. She arrived on the morning of the 12th inst., direct from Chicago, Ill., where she had spent the whole of her vacation. Misses Byers and Feasley came in the evening. The former, who is heartily welcomed back to the profession after a year's absence, looked very much improved, while the latter appeared sprightly in so an assured manner that all doubt willingly and cheerfully disappeared as to the truth of her entire recovery from the indisposition and languor of last spring.

Wednesday ushered in Miss Thompson, looking splendidly in the excellence of her health. Next came Miss Noyes in a fine state of health and a wealth of blushes. Miss Clara Reed dropped in unawares, with a rosy complexion and modest demeanor. Miss Shron put in appearance with radiant eyes, and lacking nothing in other respects. Misses Frost and Hyde presented themselves in full possession of a share of the benefits of the change as the others. Miss Straw alighted upon the front steps in an admirable state of preservation. Miss Frances G. Camp arrived on the midnight train. The mountain air of Pennsylvania seemed to have made her stronger, but she was cheated out of looking faultlessly fair by those long-billed, thoughtless inhabitants of that region—the mosquitoes.

Friday night brought in the rear of the last arrival in the person of Miss Cassie Smith, who came in with a face pleasanter than ever, nothing daunted with the mishaps of the journey, such as the missing the connection of trains, etc.

The gentlemen teachers all seem to have returned with a larger stock of good health and vigor for the term's work.

For some days past, hay fever and bad colds have been the prevailing fashion among a number of the teachers and pupils.

Prof. Greener, who had charge of the "C" evening study during last term, has finally concluded to try another year, with Mr. Schory as alternate, while Mr. R. H. Atwood, having "held the fort" of the "A" and "B" division since 1880, is intrusted with the post for the third time. In the girls' study rooms, Miss Smith still keeps in hand the "C" reins, and those of the "A" and "B" are turned over to Miss Feasley, newly appointed, in the place of Miss Hyde, declined.

A letter from Jacksonville, Ill., addressed to Miss Louise K. Thompson, of this Institute, with written directions on the border to forward at once if not in Columbus, made some of us pick up our ears and listen for the news—if it had any thing to do with offering her a higher situation out there.

Our housekeeper, Miss Warner, has returned to her post from a short vacation, looking fresh and bright. Her benign smile still holds sway in the culinary department, and under which warm influences it is confidently expected the bread will lose none of its good quality, so that the five hundred boarders may continue to placidly look sweet.

The management of the Columbus Base Ball Club repels, with no small degree of scorn, the intimation in certain papers of the city that the members of the club indulged in the bottle at Ironton, O. Their defeats, they say, were owing to the very rough condition of the grounds, with which they were not at home, and the further fact that Dundan was pounded for an unusual number of safe hits.

Mr. Dewland has returned to his place as cutter in the clothing department of English & Gilmore, on North High Street. During a part of the spring and the entire summer, Mr. D. hired himself out as a farm hand, about fifteen miles from the city of Columbus.

We have been deprived of the pleasure of early chrouching the consummation of the "happy day" between the graceful, accomplished Miss M. and Mr. S., both recent graduates of the Institute. It is now understood their banns will not be given to the public before a year hence. However vexatious the obstacles and delays may be in such honorable matters, time will smoothen and hallow everything, and perhaps make their heaven-blessed relations by far happier and wiser.

Since the above was written, we have it on apparent good authority that their nuptials will take place October 5th next.

Witnessing the manner, ease and grace with which Ryn, catcher of the Columbus Base Ball Club, catches the ball, no matter how hotly sent, one is led to believe he was born with a ball in his hands. Indeed, every time he plays, he receives the admiring plaudits of the immense crowd on the ground. Dundan still wins golden opinions—of his skill and dexterity as a pitcher.

John Mott, Esq., of Iowa, and Miss Lina Hall, daughter of Mr. Deborah Hall, of this place, says the Barnesville, O., *Enterprise*, will be married on Thursday, the 21st inst., at Friendship Meeting House, east of town, by the ceremony peculiar to that denomination. Lina is sister of Miss Tacy E. Hall.

William C. Manor, of Greenville, O., was up to this Institution at the opening of the school term. He had been sorely disappointed at his inability to attend the late Reunion, on account of the dangerous illness of his mother, and like a good son, he sacrificed his heart's fond desires to filial duty. He went back home last Friday afternoon.

John W. Stelbelton, of Stoutsville, O., has brought to school his young brother. It is a new pupil.

One day last week, the city press sang out in chorus: "The financial officer of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum filed his account with the Auditor of State, Saturday (the 9th inst.) for the month ending August 15th."

NUMBER NINE.

Connecticut.

On the 2d inst., by invitation a small party met at the house of John B. Smith, Esq., in New Britain. It must be remembered that he has a deaf-mute daughter now, a young lady of accomplishments and the first deaf-mute type-writer. This is Miss M. J. Smith, a graduate of the American Asylum, Hartford, Ct.

The gathering was expected early in the afternoon, but unforeseen events caused the delay of some. However, at 5 p.m., there was quite a pleasant gathering, some of whom I will name: Miss Annis, of Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Fairman, Mr. and Mrs. Small, Mr. Wm. H. Weeks, of Hartford; Miss Atkinson, of New Britain, and Miss Kate Miller, of Thompsonville, Ct.

Those arriving early in the afternoon were treated to a splendid lunch with icecream, a handsome bouquet being placed upon each plate.

It was a disappointment to Julia not to have the pleasure of a full company, but later in the afternoon nearly all were present, and spent a most enjoyable time playing games until tea was announced.

At the table the company did full justice to the eatables. Tea over, all repaired to the parlor where they enjoyed themselves with games—the hearing and speaking persons taking part. Time soon summoned the Hartford party to take leave.

Mr. Smith has one of the finest residences in New Britain, situated upon a hill and overlooking the city, and presenting to the eye a grand panorama of the surrounding country.

REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Cleveland, O.,	Sept. 21st.
Detroit, Mich.,	" 24th.
Flint, Mich.,	" 25th.
East Saginaw, Mich.,	" 26th.
Grand Rapids, Mich.,	" 27th.
Albion, Mich.,	" 28th.
Fort Wayne, Ind.,	" 29th.
Indianapolis, Ind.,	Oct. 1st.
Cleveland, O.,	" 5th.
St. Louis, Mo.,	" 8th.
Kansas City, Mo.,	" 9th.
Fulton, Mo.,	" 10th.
Dayton, O.,	" 14th.
Cincinnati, O.,	" 15th.
Cleveland, O.,	" 19th.
Chicago, Ill.,	" 22d.
Rockford, Ill.,	" 23d.
Freeport, Ill.,	" 24th.
Amboy, Ill.,	" 25th.
Cleveland, O.,	" 29th.

CHICAGO.

A Supplementary "Watermillion" Party at "King Cotton's."

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Mr. John R. Cotton, the immensely popular party-giver whose unequalled record in this specialty has earned for him the title of "King Cotton," had hardly recovered from the dissipation attendant upon the grand farewell "watermillion party" which he gave on the 9th inst., in honor of Mr. Sidney Herbert Howard when he allowed to be circulated in a "stage whisper" the report that he would give another party on the 12th inst. The stage whisper reached the seeing ears of your correspondent, and he determined to put in an appearance there in order to ascertain what was up.

We, including Mr. Sidney Herbert Howard, who wasn't quite gone then, did put in an appearance, and to the cautious inquiry as to whether we were not "introoders" we received the most cordial assurance that we were heartily welcome. This being settled to our entire satisfaction, we proceeded to investigate "what was up."

We learned that a party was in progress and that it was intended to be similar to the one held three days before, only not so many of "King Cotton" clans were summoned to the conclave. It was a small affair, but the good humor which prevailed more than made up for this. The game of blind man's buff made up the principal stock of amusement. Mr. Larson, who at one time officiated as the blind man, had a scurvy trick played upon him. He was blindfolded and then all the company noisefully slipped into an adjoining room and left him to feel around and catch the first person he could. After fumbling some minutes around the walls and furniture, he got a little poetical inspiration, and said:

"I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are dead, whose garlands dead, and all but me departed."

The party concluded by making a combined attack on two of the largest watermelons ever seen in the region. This occasion is to be known on record as the "supplementary watermillion party."

Miss Mamie Peek, who was present at this party had just returned from a delightful tour among the White Mountains. She busied herself while there by taking sketches of the scenery. She is still pursuing her studies in the art school in the city.

Miss Cora Gunn was also present at the party. She has added herself to our community as a permanent fixture. Her parents have purchased a new home at Oak Park, one of our suburban villages.

Mr. E. D. Hunter and his wife were at the party too. Mr. Hunter came nursing a prodigious boil on his hand. If we are not mistaken, the only "cuss word" he let escape when somebody else's hand got there too suddenly was "Ouch!" This "ouch" was repeated quite frequently.

We forgot to mention sometime ago that Mr. Hunter shipped his much respected mother-in-law off to Dakota. We don't know exactly whether he considers this event a blessing or something else.

Mr. John Viets has had several months employment as compositor in the *Legal News Office*. This office has long been prejudiced against mutes in general on account of the bad sample they got hold of a couple of years ago. They are evidently surprised to find that deaf-mutes are not all alike.

Your correspondent has not had an interview for some time with the wonderful dog which belongs to John Schorr, Esq., but he can furnish the interesting information that he (your correspondent) has "two dogs." One is named Tip, the other Jumbo. Tip is as big as Jumbo is little. Tip is a big burly Newfoundland, Jumbo a spanky little black and tan terrier. Tip, although a half year old "pup" is a great terror to beggars, peddlars, book agents, etc. They let us have peace. Jumbo tries very hard to terrify, but he does not succeed very well.

Mr. E. D. Hunter is very positive that he is getting fat. "Hydroleine" does the business for him. He has given his tailor double measure for his next suit of clothes.

A deaf-mute boy fifteen years old named Gustave Waucht had his foot accidentally pierced by a nail. The wound produced lockjaw and ended his life.

Miss Lillie Hawes goes to school at Jacksonville again this year.

Miss Jennie Patten's sister Clara was taken very seriously ill. She was removed to St. Louis.

Mr. Lester Goodman who rather suddenly severed his connection with the Illinois Institution as teacher, finds himself washed by a tidal wave of fortune high and dry into an elegant and lucrative position in our Custom house.

Miss Frederic Koretke, of Belvidere, Ill., has been visiting her friends in Chicago, for several weeks. We are still suffering from the consequences of that sight mistake which Mr. Sidney Herbert Howard made about us. We have received more pressing inquiries as to what business we had in Joliet last month. We

want all to know that we do not wear any stripes on our garment.

D. W. George.

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 15, 1882.

St. Louis Free Lunch.

"Mercury," brass 'up and give us some "Porkopolis" news. How is the lively little giant of West Covington, Ky., getting along?

Mr. D. A. Simpson, Principal of the mute school here, opened, on the 4th inst., the fall term with an attendance of 37 pupils. About 20 more are expected to enter this and next month. Miss Emma Macy, the newly appointed teacher, has not arrived here yet, on account of being detained at home in Iowa by serious illness. Until her arrival, Mrs. Simpson has her place discharging the duties satisfactorily to all.

Henry Finch, a graduate of the Fulton, Mo., School, aged 19 years, died of typhoid fever yesterday afternoon in East St. Louis, across the river. He came here on the 17th of August last for the purpose of attending the picnic of the Deaf-Mute Social Club, and liking this place, he determined to stay, and succeeded in procuring work at Mr. Ashbel Merrill's father's farm. Only nine days ago, he was well and worked in the heavy rain all day, which no doubt accounts for his sickness and death.

D. A. Simpson came back from his vacation in Michigan bronzed from the effects of the sun, on the 1st inst., but reported himself much invigorated. His better-half appeared looking vastly improved in health. Both received a hearty welcome from their friends.

Thomas J. Brown left last Monday for Bates Co., Mo., on a health-seeking trip to be gone two weeks. He has a good trade—that of a carpenter at the Missouri Car Works.

C. W. Schlipf, has returned from Chicago, after a two weeks' vacation trip. He looks much improved, and his appearance indicates in every way that he enjoyed his trip. He prefers Chicago to St. Louis in every respect.

Dear "Mr. Spy," what did you mean by calling Mr. Morony a "Col"? Was he ever in the army? The Peruvian dollar is worth only 7 cents, but they keep on calling it a dollar—

We suppose, just as you and "Recorder" keep on calling him "Col." Give us a song about the "Autumn Leaves."

We favor New York City as the place for the next National Mute Convention, although we are quite far off. It was agreed upon by the Committee at the Cincinnati Convention, and it should take place there any how. What use of raising nonsensical "stuff" about other places?

David Tablot, of Louisville, Mo., a short time ago, cut a stack of tobacco that weighed 7 pounds. One leaf was over 17 inches in width.

Mrs. Peter Radekopp is dangerously ill. Her doctor says there are no prospects of her recovery. Her third husband, Peter, is the meanest mutt in the city. He spends eight dollars a week for intoxicating liquors and cigars, and makes his poor wife use glue for hair pins.

He is in the city again. Of course, we mean Cornelius Boyle, of Cairo, Ill. Wonder if he is sporting one of those Aesthetic shirts.

Mr. Frank Luttrell, of Paducah, Ky., was "doing" this city last week, on his way home from the Illinois Reunion.

Eddie Campbell, the artist, goes to Jacksonville, Ill., on the 19th inst., to take charge of a class. May success attend him.

Ben Gilkey, a teacher at Fulton, Mo., turned up at the meeting of the Social Club last Saturday evening. He left yesterday for the mentioned place, accompanied by some pupils.

Last Saturday evening, at Lightstone's Hall, the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Social Club had a regular meeting for the first time since last summer, and effected a permanent organization. Twenty-seven members and 6 outsiders were present. The following officers were elected by acclamation, viz: President, D. A. Simpson; Vice-President, W. E. Guss; Secretary, M. J. Smith; Treasurer, A. H. Kohlmetz, and Sergeant-at-arms, J. H. Wolf. Mr. Dougherty was offered the Presidency, but declined. Four new members were admitted. The Club has a boom on hand, and is trying to keep it quiet, but it will leak out among those who know, you know, and when you have it, we will be there. If any mute in this country can get away with 30 applicants in one month, it is the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Social Club.

Geo. T. Dougherty has resumed studying at Washington University this fall, and expects to be graduated next summer. He was at the Teachers' Convention for one week, and had a splendid time. So the rest had.

Willie Campbell leaves next week for Clarksville, Mo., on a hunting and fishing expedition, and besides, on a visit to his classmate, Mr. Minor. He is an expert at both fishing and hunting.

It is said that R. D. Livingstone, whom the *defunct Chicago Letter* had the credit of being the first mute sheet that called "His Royal Highness," has been so completely terrorized by those mutes who use his name in vain that he is almost bereft of his reason. We would advise him to come to St. Louis, and resume running the *Frontiersman* when he is bereft of reason.

Mr. William E. Guss and Miss Delia Cannon were married last Monday evening, at six o'clock, by Rev. J. W. Lewis, at the latter's residence. The wedding was a quiet one, none

but relatives and intimate friends being present to witness the impressive and solemn ceremony. The only mutes present were M. J. Smith and Lou Kavanagh. Numerous and costly presents were conferred upon them. The same evening, they left for the East on a bridal tour. They will visit Philadelphia, New York, Washington, D. C., and Niagara Falls, and return here in a month. Mr. Guss is one of the most esteemed and popular mute gentlemen in this city, and his newly-made wife one of the loveliest of St. Louis ladies. To both, we extend our congratulations, with the hope that their anticipations of a happy future may be more than realized.

Mr. D. W. George, St. Louis is still ahead of Chicago. For instance, look at the following which was published in the *Globe Democrat*, of 12th, inst:

The deaf-mutes of St. Louis, had a grand fishing picnic on Sunday, at Treasurer Merrill's farm on Cahokia Creek, about seven miles out on the Collinsville road. About twenty mutes were present, and they enjoyed themselves heartily. It was the first festivities of the kind they had ever participated in, but now that they have had a taste of them they will probably attend more. These "quiet" people objected to their being stared at, and the grounds were so far removed from the city that they afforded the seclusion desired. After fishing and chatting till they were hungry, they sat down on the green sward to an elegant spread prepared by the ladies in the party. After dinner the inmates enjoyed themselves. The participants were: Misses Mary Campbell, Mattie Campbell, Mrs. Campbell, Tillie Campbell, Delia Mitchell, Anna and Mary McCamley, and Messrs. Willie Campbell, John Campbell, A. H. Kohlmetz, Willie Stockick, M. J. Smith, John Bowe, Willie Stafford, J. C. McQuown, J. J. Smith, Dr. Campbell, Ashabel Merrell and M. J. O'Brien.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Certainly, they all enjoyed an immense time. Nothing happen to mar the "fun."

The expenses of the entire party were over \$20—paid by the gentlemen. The latter considered that quite small.

Jack Smith was not feeling well all afternoon, judging from the way he got away with everything.

John Bowe was the champion cat-fish skinner. He did it with his teeth. Thirty-seven fish of different kind were caught. Willie Campbell took the cake in catching the most.

On the way home, Ex-Alderman John E. Haggerty, a great friend of the mutes, overtook the party and invited them to have some sweet cider at an adjoining farm which was accepted. Two buckets were consumed to their content.

A. H. Kohlmetz was a "whole team" and a "wagon" thrown in.

Cahokia Creek is full of fish—more so than ever was known before. Fishing is royal sport just now. They expect to have another excursion at an early date.

Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Tillie Campbell and Mary Campbell known how to get up a "luncheon." The thanks of the party are due them for the same.

The *Globe Democrat* of the 5th inst., had this to say: A switching train working between Dodgeville and Barnefeld, on the Chicago and Northwestern R. R., ran over a deaf and dumb tramp about one mile east of Dodgeville, Ills., to-day, killing him instantly. His body was horribly cut to pieces. He was about thirty-eight years old, and in addition to his other infirmities was blind in one eye."

Judging from the above description, we should think that it was none other than Patrick McGuire, of New York City. We haven't had one word of him since he left town a year ago."

Alexander Meisel, the Chicago Boy, recently beat a clothing store out of a suit of clothes and \$10 in cash, by presenting a forged check on a bank where he said he had a deposit, and then skipped off to unknown parts. The police would like to see him back.

VOX NUN.

6-13-82.

Organized Charity.

Rev. A. W. Mann writes:—The following extract from the *Cleveland Daily Leader* explains itself. Having often heard of the doings of this class of impostors, I thought it a good plan to consult with the officers of the societies for organizing charity in Cleveland, and ask their co-operation in suppressing as far as possible the shameful practice. I asked them to send for me, or any one familiar with the sign language, whenever they should come across any one seeking for aid on the plea of deafness. This is a sure way to detect this class of impostors, who I am sorry to say, have learned this bad practice from some bad deaf-mutes, who have made a trade of their misfortune. Let the deaf-mutes of other cities pursue the plan of consulting with the officers of charitable organizations, as I have done. The plan will work well. I have no doubt, if there is full co-operation on their part. Another plan is to post the general pulic by describing both classes of impostors in the newspapers.

A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.

"The Society for Organizing Charity report a man as coming to the office yesterday morning, who represented himself as being a deaf-mute. His appearance did not accord with his story, and an eye was kept upon his actions, but although begging the entire day he was not noticed to speak. At night, he was asked to

DETROIT.

Watermelon Festival.

BASE BALL, AND PERSONAL MENTION.

Friday, September 8th, was an event in our mute circles long to be remembered. It was the occasion of a pleasant "watermelon festival," given by a clique composed of Messrs. Colby, Hunter, Thayer, Geo. E. Morton and Mr. and Mrs. Marcus H. Kerr, at the latter's residence. The affair was admirably conducted and well managed, and speaks well for the ability of these gentlemen in managing everything to suit the convenience of our mute gentility, which is not an easy matter, so to speak. One of the pleasing features of the evening, was to witness the way in which the mutes handled their melon "chunks," which, to express it mildly, went down their hollow receptacles "quicker'n lightning."

The annexed notice which appeared in one of our prominent dailies the day after the occurrence will explain things more clearly:

"Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Kerr, of 934 Third street, gave a 'watermelon festival' last night to upwards of 40 deaf-mutes. The mutes showed considerable bravery and self-possession and managed to get away with seven big melons. A 'cucumber soiree' or a 'cabbage picnic' could not have given more satisfaction, and it is safe to say that all the guests went away too full for utterance, even if utterance had been possible."

NOTES ANENT THE FESTIVAL.

James Sullivan, John E. Nash and Ed. L. Van Avery did not attend. Working after hours, sickness and engagements deterred their going.

The management of that "picnic" feel gratified that the thing pulled through so gallantly and exceeded their utmost expectations. Well might they be proud of it, for, on that day, "Good will and peace to all men" were promiscuously represented on every one's face.

A colored mute from New York City was among the guests.

The Misses Mary Bodde, Annie Rhein, Matilda Stark and Lizzie Fitzgerald enlivened the occasion with their presence.

Among the guests noticed were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kolhoff, Mr. and Mrs. Buck, of Sandwich, Ont.; Miss Connelly, of Windsor, Ont., and the Messrs. Van Damme, Ronlo, Martin, Fred and Christian Gottwerth, Preston Perry, Tom Leach, and others.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Fred and A. Pratt, both connected with the Deaf-Mute Institute at Flint, were seen in town on the 5th inst.

Mr. Tommy Leach, of Oscoda, returned to this city a few days ago. He had been called home a month or two ago, on account of the approaching dissolution of his father, who, by a provident interference, was allowed to live a few more years in this "vale of tears." He is in his seventies, we think.

Mr. Wm. H. Thayer has returned from Jackson, where he had been rusticiating for the past month or two.

Mrs. Ranspach has just concluded her annual visit to her parents, at Flushing, Mich., and Mr. K. feels happy now that he has his "better-half" once more safe and well.

An amateur ball game was played on the commons at Third avenue and the Holden road on Saturday, in which none of the players said a word. They were deaf-mutes." So says an evening paper in this city.

Our mute ball tossers expect to go to Flint about the last Saturday in September, or first Saturday in October, to have a tussle with the local club.

Miss Defoe, of Birmingham, Mich., was in town last week.

Willie Briel, "Sambo" read the item about your recent visit to Detroit, and is happy in your good luck; but he feels aggrieved that you did not even bestow a word of praise or commendation on our fair city.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brooks expect to take in the sights of Jackson, Mich., in a week or two.

It looks as if Detroit is fascinating all mutes from outside ports who come to town evidently to see what it is worth. All mutes, too deeply attached to their old homes, ought to stay away or come here to live. Our latest addition is a mute from New York City.

The following notice which appeared in the *Evening Telegram*, of Detroit, on the 14th inst., made "Sambo" grin long and hard:

"A young man, aged 21, deaf and dumb, called at the police headquarters Thursday morning and made application for a situation on the Detroit police force. He wrote on a piece of paper that he had acted in that capacity for two years in the Boston police force. His name is Charlie Graham. Supt. Conly politely informed him that there were no vacancies."

We believe he is the "latest addition" referred to in another item.

With good wishes to all, "Sambo" picks up his knapsack preparatory for next week's bustle.

SAMBO.

report himself to Rev. Mr. Mann, but this he refused to do, and he soon made himself scarce. The man give the name of Marks, and is of Hebrew extraction."

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Mann in Keokuk, Iowa.

Punctual to announcement, the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and the Rev. Mr. Mann appeared in Keokuk, Iowa, and stopped at the Stanleigh Hotel. In the evening of Sept. 5th, a large, appreciative audience, assembled in the St. John's Episcopal Church, and to see and hear the lecture of those gentlemen. The following deaf-mutes were present, Misses Eloise Sanger and Lizzie Fuller; Masters Pat O'Brien, Scott, Summer and Rothert. Your correspondent came down from Fort Madison to witness the lecture. He called on Miss Laura Edgemon and her sister to notify them of the lecture, and to have them present. Her sister met him at the door crying, and informed him that their dear father was dying, and that they could not attend. Miss Kate Moll was out of the city on a visit to relatives at Eddyville, eight miles from the city, and could not be at the lecture.

The deaf-mutes were very much pleased with Mr. G. and Mr. M. and their lecture. Mr. G. gave the hearing people a very interesting history of the rise and progress of deaf-mute education, and church work among mutes of America, which was highly appreciated, as several told your correspondent, and they imitated the signs that Mr. G. made and explained to them. While Mr. G. was discoursing to the hearing class, Mr. M. gave the mutes a very good lecture and some advice. The parents of all the deaf-mute children were present, and all said they enjoyed it very much, and expressed their regret that so little interest was taken in the welfare of mutes among the public. Misses Annie, Ida and Constance Fuller, aunts of Lizzie; and Miss Marie Therme, a French lady, were present with your correspondent, and conversed on the fingers. Marie has been

FANWOOD.

The Institution En- gine Throbbling.

REMARKS ON PERSONS AND THINGS.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Fanwood is rapidly assuming its wonted appearance. The smart boys and girls who delude themselves into the belief that it is fashionable and extremely appropriate to arrive late, have, with a few exceptions, returned. Classification may be numbered among the things of the past, also the usual amount of heartburns which invariably accompany it. The teachers, refreshed and invigorated by their long vacation, are making life a burden to that species of quadruped commonly known as lazy-bones, who generally sit in a corner chewing the end of blissful stupidity. Many new pupils have arrived and are undergoing the process of being "seasoned." No matter how "green" or "fresh" the material, the ultimate result is the same. The institution is conducted on a practical basis. "Results" are aimed at, and results are unquestionably attained. When we were "knee high to a grasshopper," we were put through the mill, and although the mill might have been somewhat injured during the operation, without egotism, we are free to maintain a great deal of ignorance was ground out of us. Therefore the readers of the JOURNAL may reasonably infer that the Institution machine is in motion, and that the pupils are receiving knowledge on purely scientific principles.

No changes worthy of note have taken place in the Educational Department, barring perhaps, the appointment of Prof. Mann to the position vacated by Prof. Jewell at the Mansion House. Prof. Jones has charge of the blind class, and we venture to predict that it will make rapid progress under his care.

It is always pleasant to meet old friends. Therefore the greetings tendered to Miss Rachael McIlvaine who called on Wednesday of last week, were cordial and hearty.

The compositors who remained to work in the printing office through vacation, competed in what they call a "scrub" race, on Tuesday of last week. Each had to take their chances as regards copy, etc., and the race was of four hours' duration, each correcting his own proof. The first prize of \$3 was carried off by Willie Durian, and the second of \$2, by George S. Porter.

The challenge of Dennis Sullivan has caused a ripple among the male pupils. He may be a wonderful runner for all we know to the contrary, but he would show far more common sense if he returned to school at once and entered a race with his classmates for supremacy in all studies. This running business may have its fascinations, but a good education is to be preferred.

Stephen Sinclair, while here last week, showed a clean pair of heels to all competitors in a swimming contest at the dock. Willie Durian got left this time. Stephen is reported to have said that Richard K. Fox, a prominent sporting man of this city, has promised to back him against noted swimmers next year.

The following is clipped from the Rome, N. Y., Sentinel, of September 12th:—"Prof. Thomas H. Jewell will begin an engagement as instructor in the Deaf-Mute Institute in this city, at the opening of the next term, September 20th. Prof. Jewell has taught in the Institution in New York City for ten years. He is a semi-mute. Prof. Jewell was born in New London, in this county. He will take up his residence with his family, at 86 Thomas Street."

Miss Prudence Lewis is in receipt of a very handsome present in the shape of a Chinese fan. It was just brought from China by friends. It is of silk, of bright hued colors, and useful as well as ornamental.

Mr. Housel, a graduate of the 50th St. Institution, remained here for a short time on the 12th.

Willie G. Shanks and John Lloyd, Jr., have been promoted from Prof. Currier's to the High Class.

Miss C. V. Hagadorn retains command of the drawing department. Painting in oil and water colors is booming.

Our esteemed supervisor of the girls, Mrs. Rachel A. Cook, severely burned one of her wrists with a flat-iron last week.

Prof. Kiesel, of the Columbia Institution, went through the School on the 15th inst.

Among the large army of shoppers that thronged the principal streets of the city Saturday last, none were more intent upon business than our two charming young lady teachers, Misses Julia Brearley and Myra L. Barrager.

Twenty or so of our young girl pupils, under the charge of Matron Lewis, took a pleasant walk around High Bridge on Saturday.

William Eltrich called Sunday. M. T. Butts who had his feet burned in Binghamton, N. Y., about a year ago by the bursting of a carboy containing nitric acid, visited, in company with his wife, the School on Sunday, and attended services in the chapel

in the afternoon. He recently removed to Jersey, and is employed in a powder factory.

Last Saturday evening, a few of our most advanced girls enjoyed a small tea party, and had lots of fun. However, one or two were reported to have eaten a little too much for their comfort, and suffered the consequences resulting therefrom.

The friends of Mrs. Venn, nee Miss Gates, who have heard nothing from her for a long time, will be glad to learn that she is recovering from a long and painful illness. At one time, she was so near death's door that her friends lost all hope of her recovery.

M. R. Palmer will not return to Fanwood as a pupil again.

The High Class boys launched their venerable pet "Evangeline" on Monday evening.

Thomas F. Fox left for the National College on Wednesday.

CHP.

From Catawissa, Pa.

"Wes" has returned from his visit to his fashionably country friends, a happy boy. Welcome to Catawissa again on the 19th inst.

After the picnic at the river lawn, the five weeks absence of the writer has kept him from writing for your paper, but now will give you a note concerning the First Annual Picnic, held in Shickshinny, Pa., on the 5th ult., of which he was noticed to be among the happy muties. It was a success. At 8:25 and 10:55 o'clock in the bright morning, the committee, consisting of Swartz, Ellis and Arnold, was waiting for the muties from the north and south, and as soon as they from abroad assembled in a body at the R. R. depot platform, they were told that there was a wagon to haul their baskets to the grove, so they took a pleasant walk there only two squares from the depot. Among those from abroad, the writer noticed, were the following: W. W. Swartz, N. J. Ellis and W. C. Harder, of Catawissa; R. Arnold and wife, of Mill Hollow; J. M. Koehler and wife and J. F. Eisele, of Scranton; Miss N. Weil, of Plymouth; Miss McKinney, of Philadelphia; Miss L. Farnestock and brothers Pursel and Augustus, of Muncy; Miss M. Longenberger and Chas. Longenberger, of Watontown; Miss M. Nuss and Thos. Nantivell, of Bloomsburg; Miss J. Honck, of Berwick; Miss E. Post, of Montrose; F. Detweiler, of Danville; Jas. Williams, of Pittston; J. Baer, of Town Line; F. Roberts, of Muhlenburg; B. Masters, of Keyburn; Wm. Hartman and Allie Nicely, of Shickshinny.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

The writer was at Town Line and Muhlenburg visiting Messrs. Baer, Roberts and Benscoter, and he had the pleasure of staying with them for a month, and they will please to have his many thanks for their kind hospitality.

"Bub" was happy to tell his silent experiences by signs to the people in the Patterson grove camp-meeting, held from the 23d ult., to the 1st inst.

On the 2d inst., I had the pleasure of conversing with one of my pleased pie-nicers, a charming lady, of Plymouth, for some hours, but did not have the pleasure of seeing Miss McKinney. Then I left for Kingston the same day, with the design of visiting Mr. Robert Arnold and his ever-pleasing wife in Mill Hollow. During my stay here, I was hunting for some place to work in Wilkesbarre and vicinity but in vain. I will not give it up yet. I paid a flying visit to Mr. and Mrs. Pethick and a mute brother. The former and latter came from England some time ago. Both are well educated, although the signs are different from ours. I took interest in the English stories which they told. I was a guest of Mr. R. Arnold for a few days. He and his amiable wife treated me well. Mr. Arnold is an intelligent and respectful mute. He is a carpenter by occupation, and his steady work has kept him in the car shop for several years. He has my best wishes for his success.

I will not omit the kindness of Mr. J. N. Austin, but must write for the JOURNAL about him. On the 15th of May last, he brought me along with him in his buggy, drawn by an untrained colt four years old, to his place in the adjoining county of Bridgewater, Pa. In consequence Mr. Austin and his happy wife enjoyed my visit very much. I staid with them for several days, and enjoyed their hospitality and benevolence. Mr. Austin is a mute of good moral and religious character, honored and known by his many friends, and farm fellows. He is a well-to-do farmer. On Decoration Day, for this purpose, we had an unexpected, but delightful picnic in the woods of Mr. J. N. Austin. The sun shone brightly on the place, and its cheerful rays smiled through the grove upon the happy picnickers among whom were present, Mr. and Mrs. Austin, their children, sister Emeline, brothers William and Charles all of Bridgewater, and the writer of Columbia Co. All were treated to a splendid repast, consisting of cakes, lemonade, etc. Then a very enjoyable and jolly evening was spent till twelve o'clock, when the company dispersed to their homes, wishing the young couple a long and prosperous life.

On the 9th inst., Miss J. Houck took the liberty to accompany her silent acquaintance in another spring wagon to Willow Grove station, for the purpose of going home. Messrs. Ellis and Harder were glad to see him once more.

Mr. William Swartz, of Lillyville, Pa., is on a visit to his children, notwithstanding he is seventy years old. Peradventure "Wes" expects to go to Hazleton on business in a week or two, and may see Miss Maggie Weigand, a pleasant lady of Jeanesville, Pa.

BCB.

9-15-'82.

Along the Railway.

MENDON, MICH., SEPT. 12, '82. The speechless type of the *Weekly Globe* has just been in search of health and recreation. Several weeks ago, your correspondent's health failing, he was induced to try a bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, which was simply wonderful in strengthening his lungs and appetite, and together with a trip to his home in Wayland, Mich., has, in less than three weeks, added six pounds to his weight. While in Wayland, the writer was the guest of his brother, another mute, who has recently moved there with his young wife and one child, and enjoyed a happy season with them.

On the morning of the 4th inst., he left by way of Plainwell for Otsego, where a couple of days were pleasantly spent socially with Messrs. John White and Wm. Lewis, both married muties. The former was a grocer and dry goods clerk under his brother-in-law before taking a partnership in the business. The latter is a horny-handed farmer, who nearly broke the soft, tender hand of this type by shaking it. He says he has been very busy in breaking 30 acres of rich soil for wheat this fall, and expects an average of thirty bushels to the acre next season. After thanking them for their kindness, your informant started southward for Kalamazoo, where he gladly shook hands with Mr. Charles Popendick, a silent shoemaker, who had lately married. We were unable to become acquainted with his wife as she was visiting her home in Albion, making ready to go to housekeeping in the spring. She was expected to return on the 18th.

Our next stopping place was Vicksburg, where we visited our friend, Robert Clark, who reported his business very dull, but said it would be all right when wheat sowing and corn cutting is over. Robert has a deaf and dumb daughter, 13 years of age, who is very intelligent, and who is expecting to return to Flint very soon.

Our next call was on Wm. M. Allman, of Sturgis, who says he does not have much care of his Winger machinery since they have got an experienced machinist as a partner to manufacture fancy furniture, instead of wringers. William still tends the Bank bar now and then, but spends most of his time in doing all kinds of chores around his happy home. His wife and little son were visiting her parents in Detroit. His lot is a blissful one.

On the 8th inst., your reporter was permitted to enjoy the pleasure of witnessing the second grand Annual Regatta, held at Rome City, Ind. It was a fair success, about 1,000 excursionists being present, and the Sylvan Lake Rowing Association presented the following programme: Four-oared scull races, single scull races, pleasure boat races, wash-tub races, dancing, croquet playing and other amusement. The Hillsdale and Battle Creek, Mich., and Ft. Wayne, Attica and Kendallville, Ind., Boat-Club were present, and made a good display, as the excitement and roars of laughter from the crowd testified. Among the many who attended the Regatta were two voiceless gentlemen. The weather was delightful, and the crowd wandered under the shady trees of Island Park, enjoying themselves exceedingly before dispersing for home.

The Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. is one of the best routes in the country, with many connections to transport a large party to Island Park, which is the fashionable summer resort of this section.

It will be doing us a favor if some one will send us, through the JOURNAL, the address of Mr. Emery, a mute who has lately moved to St. Joseph, Mich.

Asking pardon for using so much space in your paper, I am Truly yours, M. A. F.

From the Western Pennsylvania Institution.

The purchase of sixteen acres at Edgewood, on the P. R. R., about seven miles from Pittsburgh, was completed two weeks ago, for \$15,000, and the erection of the new Institute building will be hurried forward as rapidly as can be safely done.

It is on high land, gently sloping back to the northward from the railroad, about a mile from the Monongahela, and possesses excellent drainage facilities, with fresh, dry air.

Ninety-eight pupils are present—thirteen new ones. A number are overdue, making about one hundred and twenty-five on the roll.

The corps of teachers remains the same. Mr. Seth McWhorter is in temporary charge of the new pupils.

In a letter from Washington in the JOURNAL of August 31st, Mr. Beller is wrongly represented. He graduated in 1872 with Mr. Draper, and obtained his position in the P. O. in Washington later, and has been at Kendall Green twice since when I was there—once on "Presentation Day." I guess the writer means 10 years since 1872, rather than 20, and I doubt if that is correct.

J. C. B.

CHICAGO.

"Watermelons am Ripe."

Party in Honor of S. H. Howard.

OTHER ITEMS.

Mr. Sidney Herbert Howard is a gentleman too well known to the readers of the JOURNAL to need an introduction here, but it will do to remind them that he is a graduate of the High Class of the New York Institution, and is now and for two years past been teaching young ideas how to shoot "in the Michigan Institution." His parents reside in this city, and are highly respectable citizens. His father holds a responsible position in our post-office. His mother is the sister of Hon. William Aldrich, one of the members of Congress from this city, who has already represented his district for two terms. Mr. Sidney Herbert Howard has spent the last two summers at the home of his parents, and during his stay here he took such an active interest in the welfare and happiness of his brother-deaf-mutes, as to win for himself quite a host of friends.

The time was approaching when it would become necessary once more to bid us good bye and return to his field of duty. His friends thought it fitting that he should receive a good send off, and accordingly quite a large number of invitations were issued to our silent denizens to attend a grand farewell watermelon party to be given in his honor at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Cotton.

On Saturday evening, September 9th, the party was given. The company amused themselves as usual with fun and frolic, mirth and mischief, parlor games, story-telling, courting, chatting, etc., until the hour arrived for dispensing the glorious "watermelons."

The first game indulged in was the ever-popular and never-omitted forfeit game of spinning the plate. In this game, great watchfulness, looseness of joints and quickness of motion, is required of the player called upon to catch the spinning plate before it settles on the floor. There were plenty who were neither always watchful nor possessed of cat-like agility, and the payment of forfeits followed in rapid succession in consequence of the plate being allowed to rest. It was noticeable during the progress of the game, that the chairs, although they were not invited to take any part in the games, manifested an odd disposition to frantically follow their occupants when they got up to catch the plate. This looked suspicious, but the amiable hostess is too careful a housekeeper to allow any wax to be lying on her chairs and, consequently, the suspicion must rest elsewhere.

At the conclusion of this game, Mr. Sidney Herbert Howard was introduced as Judge to pronounce sentence upon the unlucky culprits. His penalties though light, were quite humorous and laughter-stirring. He wound up by sentencing the last victim (which happened to be Mr. Cotton), to tell a funny story to the company. Mr. Cotton pleaded that he had no funny stories to tell, and begged to be excused. This plea in itself was a funny story, for in all his born days the festive Johnny was never known to say a single thing that was not funny.

This was followed by a kind of entertainment that is becoming quite popular. A suitable name to call it by is not quite handy, but it can be described by stating that one person gets behind another, puts his arms under those of the one in front, and tells a story in signs, leaving the front party to make all the necessary facial expressions. The effect was quite ludicrous. Messrs. Lars Larson, William Gibney and J. E. Gallagher, provoked a great deal of merriment in this way.

Next came an entirely new game, and the one which proved to be the favorite. The "flying handkerchief" is as good a name for it as any. One of the party gets a handkerchief, slightly weighted with something heavy enough to be allowed to be thrown about quickly. He then throws it into the lap of one of the players and is then required to get it again, if he can. The one receiving the handkerchief quickly throws it to some one else, and he or she in turn throws it to others, until at last the party after the handkerchief either catches it in the air or grabs it before one of the players can throw it away. The one that allows himself to be thus caught, has to take his turn in chasing the "wiper."

Mr. Lars Larson introduced a new version of the "post-office" game. Instead of calling in the gentlemen, one by one, to guess who called them, every lady was asked to name a gentleman to sit beside her, and then the gentlemen were called in all at once and invited to show the extent of their guessing powers. At first, every one of them missed. At the next trial, all but two missed. Then

all of the rest missed. After that, the guessing improved, and they soon all guessed right. Then the ladies went out and took their turn. Their experience was exactly the same as that of the gentlemen. The merit of this improvement is that it takes away the tedious and idle suspense of one side, and the game is very soon played over; while in the old way, the game is often abandoned as too tedious before it is half played.

Games being over, the clock struck twelve, although none of us heard it. At that precise moment, his majesty the bumping watermelon was ushered in and duly honored with spacious apartments in our interior departments. This being done, your correspondent was called upon by special request to drop his pencil and notebook and proceed to "speechify" to the gentleman in whose honor the party was given. Your correspondent obeyed, and as he received further orders to "print it," the speech is given below:

"Watermelons am ripe!" These words may seem strange to some of our friends here. They may not remember having seen them in their supply boxes or on their mother's fingers, but kindly consider them as school children just for a minute, and take them as my class of pupils and proceed to explain. When South Lewis first introduced the "watermelon" to humanity is as fond of watermelons as we are, and even more so; but he can not speak English with the same ease and correctness as his white brother. He takes the same delight in the ripening of the watermelons as we do, and those words are but his feeble efforts to make a joyous exclamation that the happy time has come when "watermelons are ripe."

This allusion to our colored brother and his sunny southern home, leads us backwards to the time when the North and South were engaged in a playful bantering over the relative power of the corn of the North and the cotton of the South in promoting the welfare and prosperity of the Union. The assertion that "Cotton is King," was repeated so often that it passed into a proverb.

Pardon the pun, but it can't be helped. Our genial host, John R. Cotton, is the very king, and his amiable wife the queen—of party gives [applause]. From time immemorial they have given parties without number, and in other ways supplied us with a constant round of pleasure and amusement. We have taken pride and pleasure in being their willing subjects, and have gratefully gained together whenever they issued their royal summons [applause]. We have met here so often that we have become familiar with every nook and corner, crack and cranny. We have been forced to feel as free and easy as if this was our common home [applause]. We have come to look upon our gatherings as a matter of course and as resembling the meetings of a family, the only difference being that the one was for business and the other for pleasure. On this occasion, we have what might be called a special meeting. Our special object is to honor a gentleman who has spent a few months in this city as a visitor. He has many friends, among whom can be numbered those who are present here to-night. He has taken the same active interest in our plans for pleasure and self-improvement as if this city was his permanent home. Very soon, his duties as a teacher of deaf-mutes will call him away from our midst. The gentleman alluded to is Mr. Sidney Herbert Howard. We have adopted this watermelon party as a means of giving many of his friends an opportunity to bid him "good bye" and wish him success.

Mr. Howard, as we began by speaking of watermelons, so shall we end. At first sight, it may appear neither elegant nor complimentary to compare you to a watermelon, but there are certain points of comparison which need make no one ashamed of a watermelon, as you see by the example upon which you have regaled each other with you and me, and in other ways. Again, in the heart of the melon are imbedded many seeds; so in your heart we trust these seeds are not poor representatives of the many friendships you have formed while among us. And, further, we trust that, like the watermelon, your heart contains room for very many of the seeds of friendship, and that you will carry them with you and sow them about in your memory again and again when far away.

Again let us express our heartfelt wishes for your future welfare and for your success in the field of duty which you are about to enter for another year [applause].

Mr. Howard made a neat response to the above address, in his rapid, but easy and graceful, manner of making signs. His delivery was too rapid for ye reporter to take notes, but the substance of it was that the preceding speaker was correct in describing the kindly interest he felt in the welfare of his brother and sister deaf-mutes. He did indeed feel as if Chicago was his home. The entertainment gotten up was a truly delightful surprise to him, and words were wanting in which to express his grateful pleasure in seeing his fellow muties come together to extend the warm hand of friendship. During his stay in this city, he had received nothing but the kindest treatment from all whom he met, and he would be certain to carry away with him many pleasant recollections, and speak in terms of the highest praise of his kind friends assembled here to-night. He concluded by thanking his friends again and again for their kindness. When he closed, he was greeted with thunders of applause.

It was now almost one o'clock, and the party dispersed.

Among those present were Misses Jennie Patten, Katie Luther, Lillie Hawes, Amelia Taubman, Jennie Swanson, Lizzie Doyle, Mollie Buel, Emily Theunis, Grace Emery, Julia Beaubien and little Miss Julia Roth; Mrs. M. A. Emery, Mrs. Mary Woodworth, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. John Roth, Mr. and Mrs. John Cotton; Messrs. John Viets, Lars Larson, Frank Andrews, James Gibney, William Gibney, James Watson, George Keller, Ed. King, S. H. Howard and your humble scribe.

PERSONAL MENTION.

When his honor, Judge Roth, put in his round, ruddy face at the door, we thought that by some mistake an invitation had been sent to the moon to attend the party.

Little Miss Julia Roth, the four-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. John Roth, made herself quite a centre of attraction by her "cute" little signs, and the lively interest she took in the amusements of the evening.

Miss Jennie Patten announces that she will go back to St. Louis, sure, this term. Well, Jennie, we are loth to say good bye to you. We will miss you, though we didn't—never mind the rest.

Revs. Gallaudet and Mann filled their appointment here on the 10th inst. Nearly 40 muties were present. Dr. Gallaudet made his usual effort to explain to the hearing people present the peculiarities of our class and of

our sign-language, and to enlist their sympathy and support in the religious work being carried on for their benefit.

If that writer who, in the August 30th issue of the JOURNAL, made public those harsh statements in connection with Miss Birdie Chapin's resignation from the position as teacher in the St. Louis Day School, had one grain of common sense, one spark of gentlemanly gallantry or the faintest idea of the fitness of things, his just deserts would be a coat of tar and feathers; but as he appears to possess none of these, he deserves nothing but to be kicked out of all respectable consideration.

D. WEBSTER GEORGE.

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 11, '82.

Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio Notes and News.

Mr. Colonel Artherholt, a middle aged and respectable shoemaker and harnessmaker, of Transfer, Pa., was down to Sharon with the determination of making purchases of some leather and a new wardrobe for himself on Monday of about two weeks ago. At an early hour in the evening he held an interesting conversation in general with a young mute gentleman of more than usual intelligence for a little while. He got back home about 8:30 o'clock P.M. Some days afterwards, rumors were rife from Transfer over the sudden death of Mr. Artherholt. His death took place on August 31st, (Thursday afternoon). He died from the effects of inflammation of the bowels. He, it is said, graduated from the Columbus Institution for Deaf-Mutes in 1859. His mute wife died several years since. An only daughter is left in the care of the former's brother.

It may be said that the Rev. Mr. Mann, of Cleveland, will spare no pains to make a pilgrimage to Youngstown, O., a fast thriving town, and give a divine service to a number of muties some time this fall or later, no matter how small or large the number in attendance may be. It is the expectation of a few Pennsylvania muties living near the State line that they will be present.

Miss Maggie Morris, of Canfield, Ohio, spent over a month's vacation with her sister who lives in Sharon, Pa. She was, in a high degree, delighted to receive a friendly call from some muties who live in the neighborhood.

Miss Angles Berry, a rather practical dressmaker, of Sharpsville, Pa., has been sick with ague for almost a week, but is now as well as ever before. She has entered upon her duties once more.

Miss Christina Scherger, of New Castle, Pa., who was the guest of her dear chum, Miss Berry, for some days, had a "jumbo" time. Master William H. Davis, a mute of Wheatland, Pa., was observed being at the Harvest Home in Robinson's grove on Saturday of last week. He bade fair to partake of the barbeque and amusements.

"Clayton" had a delectable parlance with a Jewish mute lady in Sharon, on Sunday afternoon of last week. She went back to school in New York City, Monday, a week ago.

P. S. Morley, of Sharpsville, Pa., has become attached to a good place at printing, and is as firm and steady as the base of a solid pyramid.

David Morris, a stalwart man, of Canfield, O., who left his situation as a coal miner recently, in consequence of the dangerous work underground, is said to have gone away to Churchill, where he is at present laboring.

Mr. Terrence Feine, of Jamestown, Pa., will lend a hand to his mute brother-in-law on the Warren County farm this fall.

VIVIAN.

PA., 9-12-'82.

Having Fun with a Deaf and Dumb Man.

Quietly entering a barber-shop the stranger removed his hat and coat and taking a card from his pocket, wrote on it:

"I want to be shaved."

A barber stepped forward, read the card, and pointing to a chair, said to his brother artists:

"Deaf as a brass kettle and dumb as an oyster."

The man straightened himself out in the chair, when his manipulator began lathering his face.

"This deaf cuss has a cheek like a stone wall," he said, when a general laugh followed.

"Stick a pin in him and see if he is entirely dumb," said another.

The victim remaining undisturbed, the following shots were fired at him by the delighted tonorial artists:

"He needs a shampoo, his head is dirtier than a cesspool."

"Shave him with a stool leg, don't spoil your razor on that stubble."

"Gracious! what a breath. It smells like a Dutch band of music."

"He ought to rent that nose for a locomotive head-light," etc.

While all these complimentary allusions were flying about him, the operation of shaving was finished, and the man arose, put on his coat, and then turning to the astonished barber, said:

"How much for the shave and compliments?"

"I—I—I—I," gasped the astonished man. "Oh, nothing—nothing, call again, excuse"—and, as the stranger left the shop, the discomfited barber swore they would never believe in a deaf and dumb man again, until they had first fired a ten-pound cannon about his ears.

COMFORT FOR THE BALD-HEADED.

—The London *Lancet*, that eminent medical authority, comforts the bald-headed man when it says: Abundant hair is not a sign of bodily or mental strength, the story of Samson having given rise to the notion that hairy men are strong physically, while the fact is that the Chinese, who are the most enduring of all races, are nearly bare; and as to the supposition that long and thick hair is a sign and token of intellectuality, all antiquity, all mad houses and all common observation are against it. The easily wheedled Esau was hairy. The mighty Caesar was bald. Long haired men are generally weak and fanatical, and men with scant hair are the philosophers and soldiers and statesmen of the world.

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